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The Rubaiyat  
of the  
Twentieth Century  
and the  
Song of the Stars  
by  
CALCHAS



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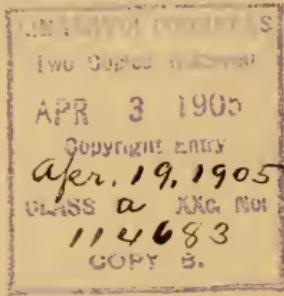
Man's true place in the Cosmos

*Benjamin B. Rives.*



1905

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## PROLOGUE



LOOK at this historic World-picture: For centuries the keen edged scimitar of the Moslem had hewed to a dead level of Faith in Western Asia. "Exterminate the Heretics," was the watchword of the Faithful, who pillaged and massacred with an untiring zeal in the name of the One God and of Mohammed his Prophet. Then add to this increment of Lust and Rapine those other years of the first Crusade, in which Christian Europe had hurled itself in an equally relentless and bloody Fanaticism at the throats of its Mohammedan opponents, sparing, in its turn, neither age nor sex in the wholesale slaughter of its adversaries.

## *Prologue*

This is the historic era. The Time, in Christian Chronology, within the earlier half of the 12th century, when, amid the clashing swords of Religious Fanaticism, the still, small voice of Philosophic Thought and Questioning Doubt dared utterance. The priceless gem of Logical Thought had never a more appropriate setting, and Human Reason and Human Kindness had never, since the beginning of the recorded centuries, a sweeter Interpreter than He, who, amid these turbulent surroundings, thus sounded a note for Humanity—this Omar Khayyam of Naishipur.

The Student of the contemporary History of the period can readily see, that, for any warmth of coloring in the more vivid pictures of material enjoyment, presented by the Persian Poet, there are, at the least, extenuating circumstances, and for any intended offense

## *Prologue*

against the Morality and Social Ethics of his time, the verdict, with the evidence all in, of nine out of ten, "good men and true," would be "Not Guilty."

It is a far stretch in the progress of the Race, from the mystic superstitions of the Poet's environment to the ultra practical standpoint to which we have attained. Many a seemingly unbridgeable chasm lies between. And yet, his, is what we deem an essentially modern habit of thought; his, is a very vivisection of ideas, which spares nothing, and defiantly braves everything which does not carry upon its face the impress of Truth. Hemmed in on every side by the fierce Moslem Fanaticism of that early era, he yet takes nothing for granted, and calmly probes the life, of which he is a part, down to the basic foundation of facts which he can tie up to. And, at the last, with our latter day, all-em-

## *Prologue*

bracing scientific knowledge, how near we come, many of us, to the conception of Life, deduced from the meagre data of his period, by this stout-hearted old Persian Philosopher.

In the Life of the Times he is a Spectator—an Observer. His attitude can hardly be called strenuous, from any standpoint. To us, Moderns, even his much-voiced regard for Wine and the Sex seem in the light of his calm Philosophy, as somewhat exaggerated—something to divert the minds of his Compeers from the bloody fanaticism rampant in the early Moslem propagandism, to the, at least more Human ideas, of mere physical enjoyment. The Life of the Day was, doubtless, just a trifle too vehement, to the mind of the Poet-Philosopher, and hence, the generous outpouring of the oil of Human-kindness and skeptical questioning on the turbid sea

## *Prologue*

of Religious Frenzy. It is the poetry of Fact and the normal Life condition, as against the implacable fury of the Zealot and the Religionaire. A radical intellectual revolt, it must have seemed at the day and time, against the pretensions of Islam, and the more than Arabian Nights Tales of the founder of that creed.

It is the Religious element, however, of his surroundings which, undoubtedly, gives color and depth to the picture he presents for our contemplation. His *Rubáiyát* is, in a sense, the despairing intellectual outcome of his struggle to reduce the weird Religious imaginings of his time into harmony with the prosaic facts of existence. That he was unsuccessful, his verses show; but the Poet does not despair. He accepts the good things of Life, and over all maintains that invincibly cheerful spirit,

## *Prologue*

which, in calm disillusion, faces the inevitable happenings of Mortal Existence.

Omar extends across the centuries the sturdy hand of a bon-comradie to all that shall follow after. As for us, we admire his equanimity, We are glad in the steady cheer of his spirit.

Times have changed since then, and creeds, too, have changed, both in their interpretation, and the methods employed in propagating them. The question, in Religious matters, is no longer, "What must I believe, under peril of decapitation?" but, "What can I believe, in consonance with Fact and Reason?"

We have come to know a good many things since the old Persian Philosopher laid down for his final rest in the rose garden of Naishipur. Many of the Problems of Life have been reduced, in these later days, to their lowest terms.

## *Prologue*

Every now and again some old-time factor of mystery has been eliminated. Under Scientific Investigation it has been found to be a result of some heretofore not understood, but none the less law regulated, activity of the universal Force Medium. The practically, instantaneous nature of sight transmission to the human eye is now measurably understood, with all of its accompanying phenomena, including color. We know definitely in what consists the vibratory transfer of heat, light, and power, more especially observed in the case of the enormous Solar output. The phenomena leading to and accompanying the growth of plant and vegetable Life are readily found in the experimental data of our Specialists. The interchange of disintegration and building up of molecules, in the leaf of the plant, under the vibratory action of the Solar

## *Prologue*

heat ray, is more or less familiar to most of us.

And then we have gotten down, in recent years, to some fairly intelligible conception of the fundamentals of the Physical Life, itself. A continuous metabolic change within the tissues, seems a sine qua non, of its maintenance. What is the basis of metabolism? Chemical combination. What actuates chemical combination? The electric potentials of the atom and molecule. But the electric potentials are simply a condensation of the Universal Medium about these material centers.

So there we are. All roads of the ancient world led to Rome; so the Modern Investigator, in whatever path of physical or even psychical research, if he gets to the bottom of things, finds himself at the last, confronting this limitless Actuator of Life and Matter.

## *Prologue*

Indeed, it would be idle to enumerate. All phenomena are, in their finality, traceable to some law of action of the All-pervading Medium on Matter. All mysteries are resolved into one—that of the essential nature of the Force Medium, itself, and of the manner of its action upon the material molecule. An accompanying proposition, doubtless permanently unsolvable, is, as to the manner of the transfer of attractive force—whether in the simple form of the magnet or electro-magnet, or in those enormous potencies extending between cosmic bodies.

Some have said, that with us, the day of Poetry has passed—that with the modern complete knowledge of the machinery of Nature, and the accompanying narrowing of the field of the Unknown, that the imagination is necessarily restricted in its action. But yet, are

## *Prologue*

we not confronted, at every turn, by this greater mystery?

Perhaps, even in the matter of Poetry, what we lose on the one hand, we may gain on the other, and, in the coming time, Poetry itself, be harnessed to the simple statement of facts, which, in themselves, have the elements of Poetry. May not the high water mark of the Poetry of the future be that which shall the nearest approximate to a realistic depiction of the workings of the unseen, the immaterial, the intangible, but all-pervading, and all-powerful Force Actuator of Matter and of Life?—The changeless, all-potent, everywhere-present tenant of that limitless Cosmos, whose boundaries are those of unending Space, and which the modern Physicist designates as the Ether?

The utmost which the writer has proposed, in the following pages, is to prof-

## *Prologue*

fer, from our present standpoint, the after-word of Science, in explanation of the seemingly, unsolvable Life-problems, which, in every direction, confronted the vision of the Philosopher-Poet of Persia in the mediæval surroundings of his day. For this purpose, while retaining the metrical form of the original, he has found it necessary to sacrifice, to a not inconsiderable extent, the diaphanous texture of a poetic imagery to the somewhat rigid requirements of ascertained fact and a logical deduction from established data. Truth, alone, is omnipotent; her's, is the regal right of way.



The Rubáiyát  
of the  
Twentieth Century



THE RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
THE 20th CENTURY  
BY  
CALCHAS

I

FOR ME, the purpled skies that herald  
Morn—  
The gilded chariot wheels of coming  
Dawn—  
The hour of blissful calm and restful  
peace  
That broods the Silent World ere Day  
is born.

II

Oh Saki ! When from all things I may  
pass  
As fading flower, or wisp of scattered  
grass,  
Be this the garnered purport of my  
years  
That Calm and Peace that naught can  
e'er harass !

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

III

Would'st Thou the scheme of things  
but backward turn—  
Life's garish Day bring back to bliss-  
ful Morn—  
Then might the Tree of Knowledge  
bloom unsought,  
Why, then, its golden fruit we might  
but spurn.

IV

“Ah ! But the hours of Morn are brief”  
we say,  
“And dawn is but a presage of the  
Day ;  
No hand may backward roll the scroll  
of Fate  
Nor Roseate Dawn, itself, may longer  
stay.

V

“Mayhap, indeed, that Faith of Morn  
were best ;  
If happy so, why then, You were but  
blest ;  
Per contra, You may have a fad for  
Truth,  
And choosing it may chance it on the  
rest.”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

VI

To such, the breaking Dawn a summons  
brings—  
The portaled gate of Day wide open  
flings;  
To those that sow, and those that joy-  
ful reap,  
Full short shall pass the hours on fleet-  
ing wings.

VII

This Message brief, it brings, in haste,  
to You—  
“From out past Embryo, lo comes the  
new !  
The continental lift of Thought up-  
rears  
The wide horizons of a broader view.”

VIII

To Basic Fact has delved the Later  
Day—  
The Laws of Force that in each Atom  
play—  
Could we but pass one single step  
beyond  
Then might we not Life's Scheme of  
Being weigh?

IX

Could our Discernment, downward  
reaching, spell  
The Name that stands for grouping of  
the Cell,  
Then, might we not Life build up and  
maintain?  
And Life's whole Secret then, be our's,  
as well?

X

“Ah, but,” You say, “all Knowledge is  
revealed;  
The rest, from Man the Gods have kept  
concealed.”  
Yea! but the Revelation's here and  
now  
And He that seeks, its potencies shall  
wield!

XI

And shall we fondly cling to what is  
old?  
Nay, but the Newer Thought its place  
shall hold;  
The filmy garniture of Dreams shall  
pass,  
And tawdry gilt give way to Truth's  
pure gold.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XII

We know, indeed, the Actuating Cause;  
Full well, we know its never changing  
Laws

Which hold alike the Atom and the  
Star;

Shall Knowledge, in its wider limit  
pause?

XIII

The primal cell growth of the Mortal  
Clay

That builds the Fabric, and the chemic  
play

Of forming Molecule within—were  
these

Explained—why then, of Life, we'd  
know the way.

XIV

“The Last Resolvement,” ah, there lies  
the clew;

In it we read whence Life, itself, is  
due—

The viewless Ether, actuating all—  
From out the Old, ever evolving New.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XV

In balanced equipoise each Atom stands,  
Held in the all-pervading Ether's hands,  
    Inspired by it, to Force and Life gives  
    birth,  
Now here, now there it moves at its  
commands.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

XVI

Ah ! Why deem Life as such a Priceless  
    Thing  
When Fleeting Time its end so quick  
    shall bring?  
Might it not rather seem a Random  
    Toy  
Which, wrought from Matter, Force may  
careless fling ?

XVII

In freakish fashion, thus into the World,  
By Nature's grim caprice, thus careless  
    hurled,  
With oversense endowed, this fear-  
    some Child  
Doth ask the reason Why, in vortex  
    whirled.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XVIII

And from dark cliffs of Fate, encircling  
nigh,  
Comes ever back the shouted answer—  
Why?  
From narrowing circle grim the Echo  
came—  
The shouted Question was its own  
Reply.

XIX

One sang to Fate a song of Love Divine,  
That soothed all Human Hearts, and  
thrilled like wine,  
And, Lo, from beetling walls upreared  
came back  
A song that throbbed with Ecstasy Sub-  
lime!

XX

The endless files of Life in gladsome  
throng,  
From rank to rank, its swelling notes  
prolong;  
But thankless Sticklers, are we, You  
and I,  
That ask some valid Reason for the  
song.

XXI

One thing is sure—When You shall  
question Fate  
The Answer will but be, that which You  
state.  
The Dreams that to the Dreamer have  
been told,  
As very Truth the Dreamer shall relate.

\* \* \* \* \*

XXII

Can word of Seer, in fitting terms express  
Why Life demands that Atoms coalesce?  
The Human Atom most of all—why it  
Should find the joy of Life in sweet  
caress?

XXIII

“Ah, but such transient joy goes soon,”  
You say,  
“And Brooding Care comes in its wake,  
to stay;”  
E’en so, were it not best, the Flagon  
fill  
And drink to Life one gladsome Cup, to  
day?

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XXIV

Oh days of toil and Hopes of Heavenly  
Bliss !  
If Paradise were only such as this,  
That were enough, I trow—if all its  
years  
Were but the Joy prolonged, of Love's  
sweet kiss.

XXV

There is no better thing beneath the  
skies,  
Nor all the vaunted Wisdom of the  
Wise,  
Or Sages Learned, can point a blither  
way  
Than this, that with the fleeting mo-  
ment flies.

XXVI

Ah, how Time flies ! The footsteps of  
high noon  
Had but just passed, and then, so soon !  
So soon !  
The outward sloping shadows of the  
Night,  
That comes apace—and you pale rising  
Moon !

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XXVII

But Shadows are we, dancing on the  
floor—  
Bubbles, that break along an Endless  
Shore;  
The Light goes out—the Waters fail  
—and then,  
Bubble and Shadow are No More—No  
More!

XXVIII

Out from the Dark—and back to Dark-  
ness deep—  
For one brief day, the Phase of Life we  
keep;  
All else is Shade; and Life, itself, is  
but  
The Transient Waking of a Dreamless  
Sleep.

XXIX

Think of the multitudes since Time  
began—  
The numbers vast of Prehistoric Man!  
What were one Atom of that mighty  
mass?  
What is the Gist of Life, and where the  
Plan?

*The Rubaiyat of the 20th Century*

XXX

One says, "That all of these are but a few,  
That, lost one day, the next appear anew;  
As Actors pass upon the mimic stage,  
And straightway then, come back again to view."

XXXI

Ah, sure! But could we in such Life take pride—  
If each were steeped in foul Oblivion's tide  
Till friends and name were all alike forgot?  
Add Life to Life, what gain might be implied?

XXXII

"The Key is Faith," one said "Believe, and then  
The waning sight that fades to earthly ken  
Shall dawn on glories bright of Paradise."  
But who those Splendors yet have seen?  
and when!

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XXXIII

“ So You,” he said, “ tire not of Toilsome Way  
The Path shall upward lead to Endless Day,  
And Being Bright on wings of glory rise  
From out this Chrysalis of Mortal Clay.

XXXIV

“ The infancy of Man such things repeats  
From age to age; must we be fed on sweets  
Like children? Let’s be content with facts,”  
The Skeptic said, “nor sigh for dainty meats.

XXXV

“ Sooth, who has asked? Why on your marrow bones?  
Why speak in suppliant wavering tones?  
Give ear to Nature’s Law and learn it well;  
Her’s are no mystic rites; no pomp of Thrones.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XXXVI

“This one thing doth she ask that you  
shall do—

Give earnest heed that one and one  
make two;

Add Fact to Fact; deduce by Logic  
Thought

The Formula that states the Problem  
true.

XXXVII

“Important people are we, You and I,  
From our own standpoint. We're the  
reason why

All things exist. Yet even as the  
grass

We fade; and just as impotently die.

XXXVIII

“To us, the Fading Flower a measure  
true

Holds good of Life; it failed, and then  
there grew

From stock or seed, straightway an-  
other stalk,

But gone for aye is that which once we  
knew.”

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XXXIX

Could we recoup the mould wherein are  
cast  
Fair Day and Night, when Day and  
Night are past,  
What sweet rehearsing of the Scenic  
Play  
Might come, in finished product, at the  
last.

XL

And then, with wise fore-knowledge,  
could but we,  
As, looking backward now, the Drama  
see,  
Forewarned had been fore-armed with  
magic spell;  
How wise the Play ! How well our Part  
should be !

XLI

Think but of that which yesterday the  
sun shone on !  
Actors and Actresses they now are  
gone—  
How passing sweet, could we the  
Scene renew—  
The Characters redraw, as once were  
drawn !

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XLII

But since its Sun has sank to rise no more  
Were it not better far to shut the door  
Upon the Past and in the Present stay,  
Nor dream that it may have some glad encore?

\* \* \* \* \*

XLIII

Can you conceive of Time the ceaseless flow,  
Which, ending or beginning may not know?  
Think of a stream with neither source nor mouth  
Whose all-embracing tide shall ever onward go!

XLIV

“The mountains rear,” you say, “to Heaven their wall;  
The yawning valleys deep, between them fall.”  
And yet, we know, from cosmic point of view,  
That but one simple curved line bounds them all.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XLV

The whirring wheel, that marks the second's course—  
How can it gauge those might realms of Force  
That in the Mainspring lie? Or movement slow  
Of it trace backward to its primal source?

XLVI

How strange, that from the mere insen-  
sate mold  
Should ceaseless spring such shapes as  
we behold!  
Such Paragons, of structure marvel-  
lous,  
As those upon the Scroll of Life en-  
rolled!

XLVII

Or that in substance so intangible  
Such mighty potencies of Force should  
dwell!  
The bonds that bind us to the Solar  
Mass,  
And hold the great Star Universe as  
well!

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XLVIII

When the Great Saki on the Heavenly  
floor  
Sapphire and Amethyst did wide out-  
pour,  
Star blazed on Star through all the  
circling dome,  
And deepest Darkness stayed the sight  
no more.

XLIX

Night's sable curtain then was upward  
rolled ;  
Backward flung its pall of darkness, fold  
on fold,  
When the great Star System's orient  
splendor  
Adown the Spaces broke in amethystine  
gold.

L

Dim fires that glowed, in firstlings of  
their birth  
As Morning rays that stream through  
mists of Earth,  
And thence in brightness wax from  
hour to hour,  
Till Noon's white light proclaims their  
fervid worth.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LI

And then, the afternoon of fading light,  
That wanes, by slow degrees, to Cosmic  
Night

Of planetary forms opaque, on which  
Life's Drama may attain some tragic  
height.

\* \* \* \* \*

LII

The Dinosaur, could he his story tell,  
Might sound to human ears some sombre  
knell;

Might tell of Cosmic Cyclone sweep-  
ing vast,  
As that which cast on Martinique its  
spell;

LIII

How split Earth's crust, from shore to  
shore,  
While downward deluging of waters  
pour  
Upon the central ball of liquid fire,  
And thence were outward cast with deaf-  
ening roar.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LIV

Dissociate gases—walls of blighting fire  
That upward to the topmost Heavens  
aspire;  
Whose lurid sheet of Hell enwraps  
the Globe,  
And at whose touch, all Forms of Life  
expire.

LV

How often, think you, since Old Time  
began,  
Has been rehearsed such tragedy of  
Man?  
Race upward groping into sentient  
mould,  
Till sudden ending close its Life's brief  
span.

LVI

Evolution slow, through Endless Time  
and Space  
And then the sudden, final, Coup-de-  
grace—  
Now here, now there, resounds the  
Knell of Fate—  
To Cosmic Ear the Requiem of a Race.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LVII

“That Tragic End,” you say, “is but the  
curse  
Of Deity for Sin.” Ah, no ; 'tis some-  
thing worse !  
And, mark the sorry nature of the  
truth,  
'Tis but an incidental play of Force !

LVIII

—Unerring Law, that through Creation  
runs,  
Whose mighty Universe of Stars and  
Suns  
Their retinues of Planets each control,  
On which, perchance, some Mould of  
Life has sprung

LIX

From lowest root, and in their radiance  
bright  
Climbed slowly upward to the sentient  
height  
Of Reason ; one fleeting moment  
basked therein—  
And then the Cosmic Finale, and the  
Night.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LX

Just for one little day, they preened their  
pride—

“For us the World was made; Creation  
wide

The Gods have builded well for Man’s  
abode,”

In such glad Faith they lived, and in it  
died.

LXI

“Since One has cared,” they said, “Us  
to create,

And planned our every want to satiate,  
By Faith, we know that he will guard  
and keep

And raise Us to some future High Es-  
tate.

LXII

“For if a Life so brief bespeak such  
care,

The Gods will sure, some Future Life  
prepare,

And they who worthily shall labor  
here

Shall reap a Life of Blissful Glory  
there.”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXIII

“Ah then,” you say, “the Fools, per-  
chance, were wise.

Where Ignorance is Bliss—why, then,  
the prize

Of Life goes to the Fool. The goal  
of Life

Is Joy; and he but wins, who joyful  
dies.”

LXIV

And yet, is’t fair, a frothing proverb’s  
sound

So should beguile, on Being’s topmost  
round?

If that we dream should stand for that  
we have—

Why then, the Beggar surely would be  
crowned.

LXV

Relapse to Fact! Give Truth her right  
of way!

Who boasted yesterday—where now are  
they?

The Shouting Seers, and they who  
followed on

Alike, with mound of Earth, are crowned  
today.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXVI

They asked the Whence and Whither  
of their Way—

“Surely some Reason gives to Us our  
Day.”

’Tis but the narrow view that deems  
it so;

All Life is but a happening of the Play.

LXVII

The Stage—the Universe; the Actors—  
two—

Matter and Force, whose interactions  
through

All Space, mark the Eternities of  
Time.

Lo, from the Old Evolvement cometh  
New!

\* \* \* \* \*

LXVIII

Then straight another voice took up the  
strain,

That from Life’s deepest root had rose  
again

And from his standpoint gave a ver-  
sion true,

That might the Miracle of Life explain.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXIX

“In mixture due, of moisture heat and air  
Lo the Great Builder doth such Life prepare!  
Foundations deep, beyond the ken of Man,  
Thence rising upward in a structure fair.

LXX

“Aye, if all mould of Life were wholly lost—  
Atoms dissociate, in Chaos tossed—  
Lo, from this primal stage of Nothingness  
Would the Great Builder start, nor count the cost.

LXXI

“Step onto step the mighty plan unfold;  
Step add to step, as Æons vast unrolled!  
We pine for that we may not have,  
and yet,  
Would we half care, unending to behold?

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXXII

“One Potent Agent through Creation  
thrills;  
No Space, minutest, but its presence  
fills;  
The Force we term electric—’tis the  
same  
That wields the Universes as it wills.

LXXIII

“So you but tire of such vast Cosmic  
Play  
Then shall the Atom be to you a stay;  
See each to each in combination held  
By the same Power that rules the Heav-  
enly Way !

LXXIV

“The Body’s structure doth it permeate;  
Each constituent atom actuate;  
And up from lowest realms, of mere  
brute sense  
That which we deem a Soul, doth thus  
create.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXXV

“What else, think you, than this, could  
work the spell  
Whose primal fashioning enwrought the  
Cell,  
With power of reproduction of its  
Kind?  
On such Foundation, Lo, it buildeth  
well.”

LXXVI

Yea, all Time’s secrets are, but this re-  
vealed ;  
Its Entity, alone, to us concealed ;  
To Forms of Force and Life, how  
gives it birth ?  
How, all their countless armies doth it  
wield ?

LXXVII

Yon Sphere of blazing fire, whose radi-  
ance bright  
Endows this rolling Globe with Life and  
Light—  
What, think you, are the bonds whose  
tension holds  
Each bound to each, with such Titanic  
might ?

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXXVIII

Ask of the Atom—it doth feel the same—  
That forceful pull—you give to it a name  
    And deem it thus explained; but who  
        can give  
The very how and manner of the game?

LXXIX

Inscrutable! Explain it if you can;  
Just when, and where, and how, this  
    Force began!  
Its Essence what? Cognizance gives  
    it not  
To sight or touch or any sense of Man.

LXXX

That which it does—that only can we  
    see—  
The mighty Sum of all the things that  
    be.  
    Alike, the Atom and the Cosmic Mass  
Proclaim this vast potential Entity.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXXXI

Inspired by it, some Problems we have  
solved—

The speed with which some distant star  
revolved—

All Matter one with our familiar  
forms—

Matter and Force, for aye, the same, in-  
volved.

LXXXII

“Ah, but,” you say, “What’s Matter, but  
a name?

All Forms of it from out the Ether came ;  
Each into each, in last Resolvement  
given—

Both, in the final outcome, are the  
same.”

LXXXIII

If this be true, it follows then, of course,  
Matter, itself, is but compacted Force ;  
This is the Problem of the Later Day  
To trace the Law of Being to its source.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXXXIV

Why then, if that be true, we can but  
say,  
Of Forms Material, "That for one  
Day—  
One Transient Day of Time, they do  
but stand,  
Then, back into the Unseen pass away.

LXXXV

"Why then, this Mighty World—this  
Rolling Ball,  
Yea ! all of Things that Be, are Spirits  
all !  
In round of Change, they at the last,  
into  
Such Primal Form, intangible, shall  
fall."

LXXXVI

From Change to Change,—such is the  
Cosmic Scheme ;  
And Things we deem that Are, they do  
but seem,  
In lapsing years of Endless Time they  
pass,  
Like as the baseless fabric of a Dream.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

LXXXVII

“ Ah, then ! ” You say, “ If it may true ap-  
pear  
That e’en in Matter Gross, such Change  
inhere,  
Why then, this matter-weighted, Hu-  
man Soul  
Shall surely rise, some day, to Higher  
Sphere.

LXXXVIII

“ And they who jeered the erstwhile  
Form Divine,  
And but as Clay would all its scope de-  
fine—  
Lo now, the Flouted Clay, itself, doth  
change—  
Doth change, and with a Light Trans-  
figured shine ! ”

LXXXIX

“ You grasp at straws ! ” the Skeptic  
blandly spoke.  
“ In thoughts of self your mind doth  
blindly grope;  
E’en as on ancient tombstone oft en-  
graved,  
Your reasoning powers have, ‘ died in  
joyful hope.’

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XC

“To Faith, it matters not that you may  
be  
But as one drop, dissolved in boundless  
sea—  
Nay, more—your very atoms scattered  
wide—  
Lost in the Realm of vast Immensity.”

\* \* \* \* \*

XCI

If but you tire not of dull Logic’s weight,  
Or proven Facts to recapitulate  
From whence deductions broad are  
made,  
Then these, will I, in turn, most briefly  
state.

XCII

By Science high there has been plainly  
shown  
The truth of Newton’s Law, “All Force  
is one  
From Atom to the Star, and Distance  
Squared  
A measure true holds good from Mite  
to Sun.”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XCIII

And others then, Experts in Chemic  
Lore,  
When tracing Actuation to the core,  
Have found the Force involved to be  
Electric,  
And to it all Atomic Force thus score.

XCIV

And then the Wireless Message clearly  
proves  
The Medium of Space through which it  
moves  
To be Electric, and hence, the Ether  
vast  
One with Electric Force it plain be-  
hooves.

XCV

So these Concepts stand proved—then  
may not we  
Assume that it must demonstrably be  
That in the Ether lies the Potent  
Force  
Of all those Things Material that we  
see?

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

XCVI

For if one Actuating Force alone,  
There be, from Atom to the Star, that  
zone  
Of Power must be Electric—since that  
it is  
Which in the Atom holds, as has been  
shown.

XCVII

And thus that old-time Problem of the  
Earth  
Solution finds, and Gravitation's worth,  
In terms of Force, the Ether wields ;  
'tis this  
That rules the great Electric Universe.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

XCVIII

Built up of Atoms ; into Atoms turned ;  
Man, one day born, the next day is eat  
by worms.

Within the circle of his Life's brief  
span  
May he not yet, the Scheme of Being  
learn ?

Think of the life of the Ephemeron !  
How swift, to us, its years would seem  
go on !  
Whose Birth, and Life and Death,—  
one fleeting day  
Should the full cycle of its Being con !

C

So like, mayhap, in Cosmic Time, may  
seem  
Those evanescent markings which we  
deem  
A measure fit, of Time ; that which we  
call  
Eternity, may be some transient gleam

CI

That, in recurring flashes, darts across  
The flood of Time Unending and is lost.  
Each Star Evolvement may but mark  
A passing hour unto the Cosmic Host.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CII

As one that journeys far by swiftest  
train,  
Where landscape flashes by and fields  
amain,  
With din of whirring wheels and noise  
of steam,  
So fast we rush, Life's farther shore to  
gain.

CIII

Or like as bark, that on the billows  
whirled,  
For one brief day, its flaunting sails unfurled;  
Then straightway passed from sight,  
with westering Sun  
Adown the sloping border of the World.

CIV

So brief the space betwixt us and the  
Gaol!  
So short the Day, ere Night doth on us  
roll!  
Could we the Rythm catch of Cosmic  
Time,  
Might we not grasp the meaning of the  
Whole?

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CV

A Demon of Unrest once thralled me  
quite;  
Enwrapped my Soul in gruesome, shad-  
owy light—  
What was the All of Space? Its limit  
where?  
Such question hurled I at the Cosmic  
Night.

CVI

About the border of the Rolling World  
I swept, on wings of Light, with pinions  
furled;  
Slipped off the Robe of Clay, that  
weighted down,  
Then, as a sunbeam straight is onward  
hurled,

CVII

Outward I sped. All sense of Time  
was lost;  
One instant, had flashed by the outer  
post  
Of Planetary path, and then, the yawn-  
ing gulf  
Thrown out around each member of the  
Host.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CVIII

As One that dreams a dream, and wakes  
    to hear  
Sweet Bells of Morn vibrate upon the  
    ear,  
    The daylight of another Sun had  
    dawned—  
Had dawned and blazed, to sink, and  
    disappear.

CIX

And swift, there passed another, red,  
    like wine;  
To right, and left, a Host, in serried line  
    Swept by. The changing Constella-  
    tions gleamed  
In combinations strange, that bore no  
    sign.

CX

I caught the rythm vast, of Cosmic  
    Time—  
Of slow Eternity's unending chime;  
    The impact of the fleeting years was  
    lost,  
And Life, to me, was one immortal  
    prime.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXI

Long ages of Old Earth had come and  
gone  
As still relentlessly, my course kept on.  
And now its multi-myriad hosts were  
passed,  
The great Star-system's outer verge was  
won—

CXII

Where trails its path of light the far-  
thest star.  
One seeming moment brief, did I debar  
The strident onward motion of my  
way ;  
Then on my cosmic sight there gleamed  
afar,

CXIII

A glittering ring of opalescent light—  
Like diadem upon the brow of Night—  
Another Universe of radiant suns ;  
Betwixt, there yawned abysmal depth  
and height.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXIV

As into these I plunged, the restful  
sense  
Of Cosmic Night fell on my Soul ; the  
tense  
Condition of the psychic nerve dropped  
off,  
And all the gross concepts of Matter  
dense.

CXV

An Age—an Æon—were but points of  
Time ;  
The bells of vast Eternity, whose chime  
Unending is the music of the Spheres,  
Came sweet, as sound of an unceasing  
rhyme.

CXVI

I saw the birth, the ripening, and decay  
Of Stars and Suns ; I sensed the inter-  
play  
Of Force and Matter, and the outward  
whirl  
Of Systems vast, which gives to them  
their Day.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXVII

I marked the several stages of their  
course—

Their slow absorption of Magnetic  
Force,

As radiation brought that cooler state,  
From which such Potencies are not  
divorced.

CXVIII

As on our Earth, the thin and cooling  
shell

E'en now, doth feel of Force such potent  
spell,

So, at the last, 'twixt cosmic bodies  
cold,

Magnetic bonds, with mighty strength  
impel.

CXIX

And then—the final throes, in which  
Force hurled

A Maelstrom Vast, of opaque Suns, which  
whirled

In spirals inward, till a seething glow  
Of flaming Nebula was wide unfurled.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXX

Explosive, grinding impact, mass on  
mass ;  
Atoms dissociate, in Chaos cast ;  
Dissevered molecules—a spheric  
bulk—  
To this resolves the Universe at last.

CXXI

One phase was done of that unending  
course ;  
Which flows from far, illimitable source ;  
One circling round, of number infinite,  
Of Matter wielded in the hands of Force.

CXXII

Such movement slow, can Mortal under-  
stand ?  
The opening and the shutting of a hand  
'Twas like, from cosmic standpoint,  
but to view  
From Earth—no sight of Man might  
apprehend.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXXIII

Ten thousand time ten thousand had it  
been ;  
Ten million times ten million, yet again ;  
No number vast could least approximate  
A date, when Time's Eternal March  
began.

CXXIV

And Fancy's farthest stretch could see  
no end,  
Adown those long Eternities that blend  
In indistinguishable haze, in which  
The Future's mighty Æons, vast extend.

\* \* \* \* \*

CXXV

To Mortal ear can one explain the way  
Of change to Time Unending ? From  
the day  
That measure brief doth span, from  
sun to sun,  
To that, whose portals vast no bar shall  
stay ?

*The Rubaiyat of the 20th Century*

CXXVI

Can you to me the secret way disclose  
Of Force, which each Material Atom  
knows?

The bonds, intangible to sense, that  
bind

The Atom and the Cosmic Mass in  
throes

CXXVII

Of motion without end? The interplay  
Of Molecule, which forms, of Life, the  
stay?

That phase of Evolution trace in full  
Which marks the outline of a Cosmic  
Day.

CXXVIII

Look at this miracle of Cosmic Force—  
Transmitted ceaselessly, from radiant  
source,

A hundred million series intercross  
Of Ether waves, yet each distinctive  
holds.

CXXIX

Nothing is lost; no jar of Ether waves;  
No wastage of transmission, as it laves  
The far Eternities of Space—its sum  
The same—diffusion only, distance gave.

\* \* \* \* \*

CXXX

“But Mortal Life,” one said, “He stands  
aghast,  
Who views the mould wherein such Life  
is cast;  
Its topmost height and flower is but a  
wreck,  
Which on rock and lee shore driveth  
fast.”

CXXXI

“As for the Past—the least that’s said  
were best;  
Historic facts, in merest outline dressed,  
Were gruesome reading; he who  
dropped  
Oblivion’s curtain on it—were thrice  
blessed.”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXXXII

Go back to record dim of History—  
The ghoulish rites, anent the mystery  
That shrouded Life; the Human Sac-  
rifice,  
Where altars smoked with blood—a  
Devil's orgie.

CXXXIII

Or note those times more recent in their  
date,  
When cruel persecution might await  
The Unbeliever and the Heretic,  
Whose feet might wander from the pre-  
scribed gate.

CXXXIV

Do you but mind the Thought of Yes-  
terday?  
The Ignorance, that even then held  
sway?  
That made of Man, the buffet and the  
toy  
Of weirdly sportive Demons, in their  
play?

CXXXV

Folks of this earlier day would time  
employ  
In argument—"Would God, indeed de-  
stroy  
With brimstone and with fire, those  
he had made?"  
To the Elect, a sort of sombre joy

CXXXVI

That he, himself, was saved, would ease  
the woe,  
And in a kind of grim perspective, show  
A background deep, of dark funereal  
hue,  
Which on high lights of bliss effect  
should throw.

CXXXVII

"Yea! All of Men, in Hell shall seeth-  
ing quake."  
So said, of old, the Seers. You say,  
"Mistake?  
Not all?" Why then, We'll say, "nine  
tenths;"  
What minds? A fraction more or less  
we'll take.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXXXVIII

Most lucky thing it was, the scheme was  
naught ;  
For if such God had been, as Man had  
thought,  
'Tis plain to see, He straight to Hell  
had sent  
They who for Him had held dishonor-  
ing thought.

CXXXIX

Vast Problems here, of Destiny per-  
plexed ;  
All Time they filled—both This World,  
and the Next.  
Those of This World were hard  
enough to grasp—  
As for the Next, what might you then  
expect !

CXL

Some wholly had their thoughts en-  
grossed in this—  
And some, in Worlds of Everlasting  
Bliss  
Took stock. Alike, were garnered in  
the sheaf,  
For He that reaped no single stalk did  
miss.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXLI

Some sought in pleasures deep, their  
sense to drown;  
And others, for an Everlasting Crown.  
A long drawn note for Future Bliss  
sufficed  
For some; and other some preferred  
cash down.

CXLII

“I go where Honor calls,” One said,  
forsooth,  
“Naught else the blood can sate of  
Fiery Youth.”  
And yet, what higher Blazonry had  
Time  
Than simply this—A SERVANT OF THE  
TRUTH.

CXLIII

The Dawn of Knowledge—this has  
brought the key  
To us of Life—the “Open Sesame”  
Of Fact, interpreted by Logic Thought,  
In light of which, all things we plainly  
see.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXLIV

And yet, we pine, betimes, for gleaming  
skies—  
Celestial Glories bright of Paradise;  
Alack! and Alas! for their banish-  
ment!  
The Dream transcends the facts of the  
Wise.

CXLV

The Racial Thought, by Revelation  
newer,  
Bed rock of Truth has reached—founda-  
tions sure  
Are laid, whereon shall rise a structure  
grand,  
Whose outline clear no Mystery shall  
obscure.

CXLVI

But we miss the sweep of Angelic  
wings—  
Yea, something is gone from the Scheme  
of Things—  
That Gilded Dream of the radiant  
dawn,  
Which the glare of Noon to Oblivion  
flings.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CXLVII

And then One said, "What! the Devil  
is dead?

It's a rank mistake, that Science has  
made!

The Devil we surely can't do without,  
The failures up here of Justice, to aid.

CXLVIII

"Then, 'The Sweet Bye and Bye,' for  
which we sigh—

You don't mean that's done for—knocked  
into pi?

What else for the toils of Life would  
requite

Like Unending Bliss in Mansions on  
High?"

CXLIX

"There must be a Boss, that answers  
for Fate."

One said, "It's something preposterous  
to state,

That this whole Universe hadn't a  
Maker!

Itself, did anything ever create?"

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CL

“And what about Hell? Is that a mere  
fake?

We've got to have that, just to keep  
things straight.”

He said: “And if there really is no  
Hell,

It has certainly been a great mistake.”

CLI

Then a Doctor, high in Microbic fame,  
Who, their shapes had studied, and  
knew by name,

From his own Microscopical Stand-  
point

The Problem of Life rose up to explain.

CLII

“The Eden, in which to Gods Man was  
kin,

Means a Primal State where purely  
within

The Body, there flowed the Life-giving  
blood.

The Microbe stands for Original Sin;

CLIII

“Whose entrance brought ending to Joy  
everywhere,  
And made of this Earth a pestilent lair  
For myriad forms of Corruption most  
foul—  
One dark Ghehenna of Death and  
Despair.”

CLIV

“But daylight breaks; soon the night  
will be past;  
Science, clear-eyed, has her horoscope  
cast;  
Some rare anti-toxin the blood shall  
purge—  
Man’s physical form will be saved, at  
the last.”

CLV

A Physicist then spoke—“’Tis but the  
weight  
Of Matter gross, that sets the final date  
To Life. A few, brief years, its load  
we bear,  
Then ’neath it sink; this is the curse of  
Fate.”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLVI

“A body, then of form ethereal,  
Shall we create by cultures serial?  
Or trace some process new, of Force,  
that shall  
From weight absolve the dense mate-  
rial?

CLVII

“’Tis Force that first prepares the Mor-  
tal road,  
And gives to us the strength to bear the  
load ;  
May it not, at the last, to him that  
seeks,  
Reveal the secret ways of Life’s abode?”

CLVIII

The Savant’s listening ear, this Message  
thrilled—  
“That Function true of Life had been  
instilled  
In Matter gross ; and by due process  
formed,  
Was Something to be made, just as one  
willed.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLIX

Life was Electric all; and Vital Force  
Was Matter pregnant made, from such  
a source.  
Its potent spell with Being thus en-  
dowed  
The Primal Cell growth of the struct-  
ural course.”

CLX

“ ‘Twas thus,” the Wireless Message  
plainly said,  
“ That Life was first to Protoplasm wed,  
And thence by process of Evolvement  
slow,  
Had been, to Types of Higher Function  
led.”

CLXI

The Psychist’s ancient order blythe ex-  
pressed  
Their faith eternal, “that to be divest  
Of gross material clay, was cause for  
joy,”  
And that, “by it, alone, the Soul was  
blest.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXII

“Could we with opened eyes the True  
Life sense,  
Our Ransomed Souls set free from Mat-  
ter dense,  
Then myriad hosts of gladsome Spirits  
bright  
For Mortal Life would more than recom-  
pense.”

CLXIII

Which same a Materialist, hirsute and  
bland,  
Deemed a pure bluff, and would fain call  
the hand  
“Of the Beggarly Beggar that made it,  
Just to see,” quoth he, “if he’s got the  
sand.”

CLXIV

The courteous Agnostic, calm and slow,  
Serenely smiling, viewed Time’s fleeting  
show :  
On Dogmas of Belief, urbanely spoke  
This wisest word, “ I really don’t know.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXV

“The varied Creeds” he said “in this  
we blame,  
That with most zealous care they strive  
to gain  
Some place and power for Self, and  
thus would seek  
An answer for Life’s Problem to obtain.

CLXVI

“For Us, the lofty Heights Impersonal ;  
To Us, All Truth its welcome tale shall  
tell,  
Unmarred by thought of Self. We  
take what comes.  
Whatever is, is right, and all is well.”

CLXVII

Some claimed, “That Mind had a com-  
plete control  
Of Bodily Function, and governed the  
whole ;  
And Death was but a cowardly habit,  
Superinduced by some weakness of  
Soul.”

*The Rubaiyat of the 20th Century*

CLXVIII

And then, as voice that fell from some  
far spere,  
This Newer Gospel held the listening  
ear—  
“One Medium fills, of Space, the  
mighty realm,  
And all its Constellations doth uprear.

CLXIX

“Invisible, intangible to sense,  
Yet in, and by, and through it, Matter  
dense  
Is moved, like as a mere automaton,  
And all of Life derives its being thence.

CLXX

“By it we keep in instant touch of sight  
With the Material World; what we  
term light  
Are but its quivering vibrations, with  
Whose ceaseless interplay, Space is be-  
dight.”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXXI

Then straight one said—he of an elder school—  
“Say! If this Force, Omnipotent, doth rule,  
With outer limit none—a Cosmic Realm,  
In each direction, an unending gaol,

CLXXII

“If Force all Life doth build up and maintain—  
Create, and recreate, for aye the same,  
Then you will pardon me if I may state  
That what you deem a change, is but in name.”

CLXXIII

“It’s Law,” I said, “in place of Despot’s rod—  
Unerring Law of Force that holds the rod  
Of Empire, and that wields the Universe.”  
“But I,” he said, “prefer to call it God.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXXIV

“For me the Faith of Morn—the Fairy Wand  
That gives to Life a zest—the Pilgrim Band  
That toils with Hope, and ever onward moves  
Toward the Shining Shore and Beulah Land.”

\* \* \* \* \*

CLXXV

All Life is but a play ; some stake their game  
On gilded Nothingness, and reap the same ;  
The Bubble breaks ; they grasp the empty air ;  
And surely are not they, alone, to blame ?

CLXXVI

Ah ! How Men strive for This World’s wealth and power,  
Which, at its best, lasts but a fleeting hour !  
And others, with a longer range, aspire To Crowns and Kingdoms of a Heavenly dower.

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXXVII

Yea! How they strive with strategem  
and wile,  
Through all the winding, devious, ways  
of Guile!  
But in the reading of the Broader  
View  
Say, Brother, is it really worth the  
while?

CLXXVIII

You thought to bribe St. Peter at the  
gate,  
Such store of gathered ducats you will  
take!  
What if the Gateman be not there at  
all?  
What if the Dreamer did but dream a  
fake?

CLXXIX

Then wer't not better you had lived  
care free?  
If such be Life, and only this Life be,  
Why, then, with every lowest Child of  
Earth  
You may but feel a bond of sympathy.

*The Rubaiyat of the 20th Century*

CLXXX

Live and let live, while yet there's place  
and room ;  
Fades soon the flower, how bright soe'er  
its bloom—  
The whole Earth did you want? Why,  
really, now,  
You may not take it with you to the  
Tomb.

CLXXXI

Yea! If I deem as Gold some Metal  
Base,  
And hoard and store the same with  
eager haste,  
Myself, alone, may I berate, when, at  
the last  
My Gold is Dross, my Diamonds are but  
Paste.

CLXXXII

“If Gold to Dross, and Hope to Ashes  
turn,  
What then,” I asked, “may fires of  
Truth not burn?  
If remnant none, is left from hoarded  
store  
What Moral hence be drawn, that one  
may learn?”

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXXXIII

Then, on my anxious ear, there broke a  
trill  
So full of Life and Joy that it might fill  
The Heavens high with soul-enrap-  
turing song,  
And all my sombre reasoning passed as  
nil ;—

CLXXXIV

“Heed not the Morrow ! But enjoy To-  
Day !  
To live is Joy ; be happy while you  
may !”  
Never Philosophy was wiser heard  
Than from this feathered songster, in  
his lay.

CLXXXV

“But Hope,” I said, “and Joy, so soon  
are spent !  
What then,” I asked, “for Mortals may  
be meant ?”  
Then trilled the Bird a minor note  
that said—  
“Whatever cometh, let us be content.”  
\* \* \* \* \*

*The Rubáiyát of the 20th Century*

CLXXXVI

Yea! All things have an End. All doth  
but pass!  
Full well we know We are but as the  
grass!  
And so, when You have drained the Cup  
of Life,  
Your thanks express, and downward  
turn the glass.



## THE SONG OF THE STARS

“To him that believeth,” Faith fervently  
cried,  
“There are Mansions of Bliss, just over  
the tide;  
There’s a City Supernal, of a splendor  
so bright  
That mortal eye may not cope with the  
sight;  
He that believeth—the Truth he will  
know.  
Its walls are of jasper, and its streets  
are of gold;  
Its gates are of pearl, and its glories  
unfold  
Unto him that believeth—ever thus  
be it so !”

*The Song of the Stars*

“Aye, fair is the Life Immortal !  
In the radiant City of Light !  
Whoso that passeth its portal  
Shall be robed in its garments of  
white.  
Time shall not age nor tempests alarm  
Through all the unending years.”  
Thus, in its synchronous chorus,  
Sang the Song of the Spheres.

Then a voice rose up in lugubrious  
swell,  
With a sound like a dirge, and a tone  
like a knell ;  
It echoed along the dark Portals of  
Night  
And the Legions of Faith shrank back  
in affright ;—  
‘ Swift falleth the pall of enveloping  
Doom ;  
Morn breaketh not on the Night of the  
Tomb.

*The Song of the Stars*

Those are but Words—idle Words, that  
are beating the air—  
A phantasm of Hope, that forerunneth  
Despair—  
They are but Dreams—passing Dreams,  
that waking, are gone—  
An Echo prolonged of Man's Infantile  
Song—  
An Exhalant Vapor, that goes with the  
breath—  
A Flickering Gleam on the frontlet of  
Death.”

“All Life is wearisome labor—  
Day after day of trouble and moil;  
Sweet is the Night that evermore brings  
Rest from its purposeless toil.”  
Down through the Limitless Spaces,  
Where is naught that stays or debars,  
In soothing refrain, thus to Mortals  
Came the cheery Song of the Stars.

*The Song of the Stars*

When the Visions of Gladness had  
palled on the sight,  
And the Wailings of Sadness had waned  
in their might,  
The calm tones of Wisdom rose sweet  
on the ear,  
Like a Pean, far-sounding, but lowly and  
clear ;—  
“ 'Neath the Banner of Knowledge—in  
the Knighthood of Truth—  
Life's stream floweth ever, in unending  
Youth.  
The Acolyte, meekly that waits at my  
shrine,  
Is bedight with the panoply of Service  
Divine ;  
I reward not with riches, or mansion, or  
throne ;  
A love for the Truth is my Guerdon  
alone.”  
Ceased was the voice ; then, o'er the  
hush of the calm  
Broke the joyous Star Chorus, with  
Symphonic Psalm.—

*The Song of the Stars*

“ He that shall wait upon Wisdom—  
Who the Light of her Face shall be-  
hold—  
Shall be glad, with the Joy of the Morn-  
ing,  
As it paints all the sky with its gold.  
Her’s is the full note harmonic,  
With no jarring discord to mar ;  
Only with her is Happiness found,  
To, the bound of the uttermost star.”

A Pilgrim Savant, tired and worn, had  
reached, at last, the gaol  
Whose topmost height all Truth reveals,  
in full perspective whole.  
“In broadest view, the Past,” he said,  
“seems but an empty name,  
Evolvement from Evolvement falleth,  
evermore the same ;  
The Universes come and go, responsive  
to the call  
Of that unseen but potent Force that  
ever wields them all ;

*The Song of the Stars*

And ever on the changing tide, in shifting view, remote or near  
From out the vast Unknowable, Life's evanescent forms appear.  
All Space the viewless Ether fills, with no smallest break or flaw  
And every Atom actuates, by definite, unchanging Law.  
In ultra-microscopic form—below the range where sight finds place  
It lays the deep foundations, whose top-stone is the Human Race.  
The Spectrum reads the flashing ray, from dim, remotest star  
And finds the same integral elements in motion everywhere.  
Their swift vibrations mark the throbbing of the Universal Soul;  
Matter and the Force that wields it, are, each, a unitary whole.  
To him that grasps the Cosmic Problem, in its full concept I trow  
The Past, the Present and the Future, are one eternal—Now."

*The Song of the Stars*

Then a mighty, chorusing shout  
Went up from the hurtling Spheres,  
As, in widening circles outward,  
It broke on the lapsing years:—  
“Lo, the riddles are solved of Space and  
of Time!  
Man has compassed the gaol of the  
Omniscient Ken!  
He is one with us in his knowledge sub-  
lime!  
Even as Gods are the Sons of Men?”



## EPILOGUE



T IS hardly necessary to state that the Author of this Modern Rubáiyát has no Creed to maintain—No Dogma to be carefully guarded. The Revelation of Demonstrable Fact and Logical Deduction therefrom, is, to him, the only Revelation requiring credence.

You, as a Professed Christian, say, “That such Revelation comes from the Infinite Father, himself, and that all knowledge comes from God.” Well, be it so! Then this is the one infallible communication which the Race is receiving from Him. Other Revelations, on which human creeds and beliefs are founded, ancient and modern, are constantly changing, to adapt themselves

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to the formulated record of this new and veracious Chronicler of the Truth. Other, so-called Revelations from the Infinite, clash in their beliefs, and are contradictory, the one to the other. Each of the isolated nations of antiquity appear to have been supplied with its own home-made assortment of Gods and Goddesses, which, in their conception, fairly represented the civilization, or want of civilization, of their several peoples. Then, take the World of to-day. Religious dogma is one thing to the Mohammedan, another to the Buddhist, or the follower of Confucius, and another, as delivered to the ancient Hindu, not to speak of the innumerable hostile and warring beliefs of the variegated creeds of Christianity itself.

“Man’s inhumanity to Man,” may, doubtless, be accredited, in no small degree, to the theological conception of

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a Supreme Being, who, though Omnipotent, yet allowed suffering, want and death, in every variety of excruciating agony, to be inflicted upon the Beings he had created. The logical inference necessarily followed that such things were inevitable, and even necessary, and hence we find the most atrocious cruelties of man to man, on the pages of recorded history, of nation upon nation perpetrated in the name of their Gods. To the rival national Deities, as interpreted by their several priesthoods, the outsiders were but Heathen, to be summarily blotted out and exterminated.

This was the pattern held up for so long to the Race. To the Higher Law of the old time Religionaire humanity was a dangerous sentiment, and one to be indulged in only under prescribed conditions. Even to our Puritan forefathers, most worthy men as they were,

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in many respects, the Deity, whom they abjectly worshiped, had foreordained the vast majority of the race to an endless torture in the flames of Hell; a matter to which they piously referred, as "the will of God." To the Simon-pure brand of the Elect, the persecution of Non-conformists; the torturing and burning of witches and those, supposedly, "possessed of the Devil," were not merely allowable, but stern matters of duty, to be neglected under peril of an eternal personal damnation. Verily, the words of Christianity's founder,—"I come not to bring Peace, but a Sword," have been more than justified, even up to comparatively recent dates in the World's history.

The Revelations of Science, to the Race, on the contrary, when once demonstrably established, are world-wide in their acceptance, and everywhere the

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same. Like the sunshine and the rain, it comes with a benign benediction of healing and sustenance to Humanity. No bloody war was ever waged to establish her dogmas.

It comes, too, through the only mental faculty worthy of credence—that of the intellect, and of logical demonstration. Superstition and Mysticism are discredited witnesses in the court of highest human appeal. They are notoriously unworthy of belief, whether as to the miracles of the present day, or those of hundreds or thousands of years aback. Myth and tradition are the merest cobweb gossamer in the clear light of present everyday Science.

But then—how it jars on the self-consciousness, the *amour propre*, of the individual Human that the sum total of a Life Evolvement, whether that of a single planet, or that of the mighty realm

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of the Sidereal Universe in its entirety, from a cosmic point of view, is an absolute zero. A simple 0, with neither affix nor prefix to give it value, in the final reckoning of a star system evolvement will exactly express the product and the remainder. Nothing, apparently, is carried over. The slate is wiped clean. It is even doubtful, from the later standpoint, whether the erstwhile matter of the Star System, itself, can be safely reckoned on. The sands of Time carry, on their ever changing surface, no permanent record which the all-devouring waves of Oblivion may not obliterate.

The net result of all the enormous interactions of Force and Matter, shown in a sidereal evolution, from the human standpoint, is, presumably, absolutely nothing. Matter, which, in the course of such evolvement, may have attained to very complicated conditions of mole-

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cular grouping, reverts back again to the dissociate atom, or, at the farthest, has more or less transposition into the universal medium, the Ether. No Life continuity is traceable, or seemingly, possible, from one evolvement to another. Hitherto, Science has, in fact, utterly failed to demonstrate the existence of any form of individual Life entity, dissociated from the material physical existence.

The brilliant Oriental and Mediæval imagination, which in the lack of exact knowledge, peopled the realms of space with, "an innumerable company of Angels," and a host of departed spirits; with Gods and Goddesses; and our own Earth with Fauns and Satyrs; Nymphs and Dryads, of varied form and habitat; that mapped out a Nether World, or Hades, with its own peculiar set of occupants, is recognized by the Science of

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to-day at its actual valuation—a waking dream of the morning of the Race—beautiful, in many of its conceptions, but—only a dream.

“Lest we forget,” it may bear repetition that the net result of each of the periodic interactions of Matter and Force, shown in the Star System, from what seems at present, as the final scientific point of view, is an exact zero—neither plus nor minus, in either direction. If the later estimate of Matter proves ultimately correct, the proportions of the two factors Matter and Force—the sole tenants of a limitless Space—may vary, through resolvement of the one into the other, but, the sum of the two must be regarded as a constant and unchangeable quantity.

How wasteful it all seems from the human, economic standpoint! The accumulated culture and material posses-

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sions of a Race, and the Race, itself, wiped out at one fell swoop, or by a gradual failure of conditions which render such Life possible. A, seemingly, interminable æon of Life evolvement from the primal cellgrowth to the finished Human product—and then, at the last, this chef-d'œuvre of the ages, and all of his priceless accumulations thrown away—discarded as a worthless bauble ! Oh, the sorry nature of the process ! The wasteful prodigality of it all !

And then think of the endless diapason of Human Sorrow ever throbbing an accompaniment ! to the remorseless march of a planetary evolvement ! A perfected physique ! and all - probing knowledge and mental acumen of the individual, as of the Race, acquired, but to be ruthlessly scattered !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

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The transition from Subjective Philosophy to a Logical Deduction from ascertained data, as the fundamental basis of Human Knowledge, marks the beginning of a new era in the advancement of the Race. Henceforth, its foundations were sure, and, step by step, has been builded upon it the magnificent structure of Modern Science.

The practical demonstration of the theory of Life Evolution in the latter half of the 19th century, marked a great advance by the Race, in the direction of acquired knowledge. A summit had been attained, from which, above the low-lying mists of Ignorance and Superstition, the eye might sweep the broad horizon of Truth.

Henceforth, to the dweller on the heights, the Supernatural was a factor eliminated from the entire domain of Human Thought. With the advent of

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this basic truth the Miraculous had stepped down and out, or, at the most, remained, as in many cases, a dearly cherished relic of the Dream-land of the Past. Nevertheless, it brought, and is bringing, in its trail, like all new things, more or less of havoc and disaster.

All new ideas are iconoclasts. They remorselessly smash the Idols, venerated mayhap, by generation after generation of Human Kind. They never stop to inquire whether it is within themselves to satisfactorily supply the place of the old. Ruthlessly, they shatter and, when the ground is cleared, we must, perforce, accept that which remains. Yet, no sane man—no rightly balanced intellect—asks for aught else than Truth.

The inherent, hereditary ingredient of Superstition works in an ever narrowing field as the race rises in the scale of intelligence. The Revelations that come

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through the medium of acquired fact and logical deduction are the only ones before which Science humbly bows ; or rather, we may say, on which she proudly stands. Newton with his Law of Gravitation ; La Place with his Mecanique Celestial ; Darwin with his Origin of Species ; Clerk-Maxwell with his Electro-Magnetic Theory of Light, each marked off the result of a long day's march, in the toilsome upward path of Humanity toward the higher table-land of Truth. These, and a host of other tireless workers, many of them not less widely known, supply the data from which come the broad generalizations of to-day.

And—at the last—how simple it all is ! This orderly, unceasing order of events ! And yet, sorry are we to say it,—how almost infinitely little becomes Man, as relating to the whole !

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The fervid, old-time Theologue who placed the whole created Universe in one scale of the balance and found it overweighted by the Soul of the Humblest Human placed in the other, has, perforce, to take a back seat. His vivid peroration, in the light of Modern Science, was a work of the imagination, pure and simple. Life, in its entirety of planetary evolvement, is a transient happening, of no Cosmic moment—simply an incidental actuation of the universal Force Medium, the Ether, necessarily occurring, under certain conditions of aggregations of material particles.

And then, the Force Medium, itself, which holds the planets and the innumerable members of the Star System in their orderly movement and grouping, is that same which actuates the chemical and molecular grouping of atoms; the same which runs our street cars; our tel-

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egraphs and telephones. We term it Electricity and measure its potentials in volts of tensional strength and amperes of quantity. By its manipulation of the material particles within the bodily frame it is the Maintainer and reproducing Evolver of all the varied and varying forms of Life Organisms.

Now let us grasp some of the indicated cosmic potentialities of this Universal Force Medium. From seemingly limitless distances of Space, in every direction, the light of the countless radiating members of the great Star System is transmitted to us by a similar vibratory action of the Ether, showing that it everywhere pervades the Universe, with an everywhere manifest similarity of Force actuation. Interpreted by the spectrum, the distant cosmic bodies, from which such radiations emanate, are shown to be of precisely the same ele-

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ments with which we are familiar. Under suitable conditions, we can hardly otherwise than infer that the surfaces of the innumerable planetary bodies accompanying these radiant, life-giving Suns are, likewise, the abode of countless types and species of Life forms, moving upward in the slow steps of physical and mental development, even as here.

Much ingenuity has been exercised by learned minds, familiar with the effects of environment upon type, in the varied species of our own planet, in conjecturing the diversity of phases which life forms might assume under the widely differing conditions existing on cosmic bodies. What form of Life will exist on the great planet Jupiter when it shall have become sufficiently cool for an orderly life development? A surface attraction of some six or seven times that of the Earth, such as will presumably obtain

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when its mass shall have attained the normal density associated with a cooled opaque exterior, would, necessarily, bar the ordinary forms of Life familiar here. In fact, a race of pygmies excessively dwarfed as to size, would seem as absolutely called for, although in the water a larger physical development might prevail. The many times greater atmospheric pressure would also require a special adaptation of the organisms.

Altogether, the widely differing factors of the environment would hardly seem encouraging for a Life development such as would seem a desirable one, from a mundane point of view. The burden of gravitation would be an almost crushing one, on the bodily frame, unless, indeed, through the agency of Natural Selection with its correlated Survival of the Fittest, a bodily form of excessive strength and lightness might result.

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On the other hand, a cosmic mass like our own Moon or one of the numerous family of the asteroids, provided they were able to maintain upon their surface the, seemingly, necessary concomitants of air and water for the period of time required to bring out any considerable life evolvement, would appear to offer exceptionally favorable life conditions. The same degree of physical strength, in the body, accompanied by a reduction of gravitational weight to one quarter or an eighth part of the load we now carry would seem to mean a life of tireless energy—a surplus of stored strength, with a minimum of toil and labor. In such an easy-going existence, with all the untaxed faculties free to cope with the requirements of the environment, a full solution of the varied problems of Life and Matter would seem easy of attainment.

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How, then, about Life continuity, as related to the immaterial persistence of a planetary evolvement, in its higher type? One simple fact would seem to stand, as an insurmountable barrier to a philosophic belief in this direction. As stated previously, the Human Race—legend and superstition to the contrary, notwithstanding—has never, in a scientifically demonstrable manner, come into contact with an entity other than those of the physical life forms of our planet. An immaterial entity is a thing, so far, unknown to Science.

With our present understanding of the evolutionary process and the sameness of Matter and Force action throughout the Universe we can fairly postulate about each of the radiating centers of the Star System an accompanying planetary retinue in a more or less opaque condition of exterior surface. For the

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same reason we may likewise assume, upon these, life forms in varied and differing stages of evolvement.

Could we bridge, in our conceptions, the narrow bit of space that intervenes between ourselves and our neighboring planet Mars, with which we have a constant vibratory, ether intercommunication of only five or six minutes in its transmission, possibly we might meet even there, with cosmic Life conditions which in their foreshadowing of a tragic denouement to the perfected flower of a planetary evolvement should stir the broadest sympathies of the Earth-dweller. A great Race, mayhap, with hundreds of thousands of years of recorded history; one, perchance, that from the far off morning of Historic Time has mastered the secret of an individual physical Life Continuity and that has held in its own hand for centuries

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almost innumerable a practical control of the numerical output and perpetuity of the physical organism, itself, and yet finds itself face to face with the near failure of air and water upon the planetary surface. We can rest assured those superior intellects would, under such conditions put up a splendid fight for existence, in ways hardly comprehensible to our duller conceptions. The natural process, upon a planetary surface, of a dissociation of its waters into oxides and hydrocarbons, by contact with the heated interior mass, would perhaps, be reversed by an artificial dissociation of the original products, or the unlimited potencies of the Universal Force Medium drawn upon, in some, at present, to us, unexplainable manner, for purposes of sustenance and warmth.

The now arid and airless surface of the Moon has, doubtless, had some form

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of a Life History extending through that very prolonged period of the Earth's existence, in which our present oceans formed a vast, vaporous envelope of the planet, itself, with a more or less continuous precipitation and explosion into steam upon the heated surface.

Whether the Moon-voyaging, rummaging Antiquarian of a coming time would be able to find relics of a former intelligent race is a problem necessarily depending on the nature of the lighter material originally thrown off from the nebulous Earth mass, as well as to the duration of the period in which Life conditions, as we know them, were possible.

Then take Life in its broader cosmic significance, as related to the evolutions of Matter. Go back a thousand million of our years, or, mayhap, ten thousand million, till we reach that long ago epoch of a prior evolution of the material Star

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System. Make it a million or a million of million of such inconceivable periods of Time. Undoubtedly, Life, all along that mighty stretch of immeasurable years, was everywhere a concomitant of material evolvement.

Where are the Denizens of that hoary antiquity of the Past? Some, doubtless, there were, even as now, whose intellects were enshrouded, ostrich-like, in the all-enveloping sand of a subjective hypothesis and in the childish imagery of Faith saw, ever and anon, the wonderful mirage of a Golden City and pearly gates, beyond, what, to their vision was but a river to be crossed. Time's Lost Children were these. But where are the unshackled of intellect, the clear-sighted, who marched downward and outward into an ocean they knew to be shoreless? Where are the courageous, the strong-hearted, who with

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a calm serenity contemplated the blank wall of Fate up against which their course was inevitably leading, but repined them not?

Alike of the one and the other the spaces are ominously silent. Alike, as to him that died yesterday, and to those of the hoary antiquity of a past Star System evolvement, comes no answering note.

Ye brave, courageous Souls, who on Evolvement's topmost height have seen all Truth with clear-eyed vision, and with calm self-effacement have gazed undauntedly, and with unblanched face upon the black wall of Night and Silence that loomed across your pathway, even now, as we grasp the full meaning of a planetary Life Evolvement, we feel a straining bond of sympathy reaching backward into the hoary antiquity of the Time-that-knows-no-Beginning. The

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Song of Life we sing to-day ; the dirge of Fate we chant ; how often has it echoed down the limitless aisles of the past eternities in all the variations of beatific hope ; of calm enjoyment, and a yet calmer despair !

The mutations of birth, life, and final extinction of the individual entity, reproduced in the race, in its entirety ; the passionate cry of the Lost Children of Time for an unending Eternity of joy and love ; the wail of foreboding sadness, and the proud serenity of Knowledge, that calmly bows to the all-potent Wand of Fate, elicit no response. The spaces, to-day, as yesterday, are silent. No scroll holds the records of the mighty races, which Time and Force, in their ceaseless rounds, have evolved, in the hoary past of millions of millions of Star System evolvements. They have passed, even as the mighty life races

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peopling the unending realms of Space to-day are passing.

But the new is coming. The process is to be repeated ; repeated without end. The yet unborn, oncoming generations of Star System Evolvements, even as those that have gone, are endless in their continuity of extension.

Oh, Great Souls of the Past, to whose clear-eyed vision all the secret things of Matter and of Life were but as an open book, we apologize to You ! Our Race is but of Yesterday. The slime of the Protoplasmic Ooze is yet upon our garments. Only a little way aback, and we were worshiping Dumb Idols of wood and stone—the work of our own hands. A little time agone, and we were offering up our fellows on sacrificial altars, in a servile, cringing fear of the Unknown. Hardly, even now, have we ceased striving to propitiate an imag-

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inary, vindictive Diety by a cruel persecution of our Brothers. We are yet saturated with Superstition, and are as Slaves, not yet emancipated from its abject, grovelling bondage.

CALCHAS.



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